### Columbus Journal Columbus, Nobr.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1908.

STROTHER & STOCKWELL, Proprietors.

RENEWALS-The date opposite your name of your paper, or wrapper shows to what time your ion is paid. Thus Janes shows that at has been received up to Jan. 1, 1905, Pebes to Feb. 1, 1905 and so on. When paymen is made, the date, which answers as a receip will be changed accordingly.

DESCONTINUANCES-Responsible subscrib ere will continue to receive this journal until the blishers are notified by letter to discon when all arrearages must be paid. If you do not wish the Journal continued for another year after the time paid for has expired, you should

CHANGE IN ADDRESS-When ordering to give their old as well as their new address.

It's now in order for the man who "told you so" to come to the front.

There are some big corn raisers in Iowa. A farmer of that state recently sold his corn crop for \$12,390.

A Topeka hired girl married a millionaire, and now when she comes home to visit, "sassiety" people stand in the street in order to get the dust from her automobile as it whizzes by.

York attaches undue importance to itself as a prohibition town, yet according to figures furnished by one of its own citizens in an article for distribution as a campaign document, the money on deposit in the banks of that city amounts to \$164 for every man, woman and child inside the corporate limits. It has always been one of the principal arguments used by prohibitionists that in towns where saloon licenses are granted there is less clothing and food stuffs purchased and less money on deposit per capita than in a thetic scene is as follows: town where the open saloon has been banished, but it has remained for York to refute the oft-repeated assertion. Columbus saloons have not reduced the people of this city to the pauper class. The amount of money on deposit in the Columbus banks will average \$238 for every man, woman and child in the city, or \$74 more per capita than is on deposit in the banks of York. The number of bootleggers, drug stores and the amount of liquor shipped in from other cities are not enumerated in the printed matter sent out for public perusal by the compiler of prohibition literature.

F. W. Fitzpatrick contributes an article in the November McClure's on "Fire—an American Extravagance." He says: "Fires have cost us as many as 7,000 human lives in one year's time, and our loss in money value through the destruction of property is almost as appalling. The production of gold in the entire world, something like \$400,000,000 per year, would not recoup us for our losses by fire, and the incidental expenses accompanying them, in the same period of time, the value of all the coal mined in this country in a year's time would just cover the cost to us of our fires; the val ue of our lumber production is only a trifle more. We are fond of luxuries, and import a great many, yet the value of all that importation is but a fifth of our fire cost. The cost of fire and its | held the big, old-fashioned heater that | Mr. Booth inspected each article, accessories, in round numbers, is just about an even \$600,000,000 a year. It may be but a peculiar coincidence, or perhaps it is an unconscious economic adjustment, that with all our phenominal growth and the tremendous boom and vast amount of building carried on in some years, the most active year we have ever had in building of the trunk met. construction netted just \$615,000,000's worth of new buildings and alterations during the twelve months. So that with all our vaunted activity, we produce in money value only a trifle more 000,000, and during the same time we buildings and rep

## A LINCOLN-DOUGLAS DEBATE.

No time was lost in initiating the las began by outlining the rules of the | the weird hour of the morning weren't | and crossed to the stairway leading to debate. He was to open with a speech things that made for conversation. of one hour, and close with another of half an hour after Lincoln had replied the dresses lay solidly packed and on for an hour and a half, and at the next | the top of the pile were some swords versed. Only a small proportion of stood looking down at the things, then hope to hear the speakers, and those the overturned trunk cover and comin wagons at the outskirts of the crowd, menced taking out the costumes. The finding themselves at a disadvantage first was a Louis XVI coat of steelsoon abandoned their positions and blue broadcloth, embroidered with Nevertheless, there was very little Claude Melnotte coat, I thought, and movement in the audience, and there was aching to ask, but I said nothing.

when Douglas sneeringly quoted a part of Lincoln's "house-divided-againstitself" speech, the Republicans burst into applause, which brought an angry response from the unwary orator; and when Lincoln began by reading a document, someone in the crowd shouted. "Put on you specs!" possibly anticipating a smart reply. But Lincoln was in no joking mood. "Yes, sir," he responded gravely, "I am obliged to do so, I am no longer a young man."

Then for an hour and a half he held that mighty audience by the sheer for ce of his personality and the intense interest of his theme. Now and again there was a burst of cheering, but the speaker made no effort at oratorical effect and employed no device to ligh ten his argument. Douglas was not vet as serious as his adversary, for he had entered light-heartedly upon the contest, and did not immediately realize the magnitude of the task he had undertaken. From the very start he assumed the offensive and continued his attack, scarcely designing to notice his opponent's replies, throughout the day. Even when some Republican enthusiasts stormed the platform at the close of that eventful evening and attempted to carry Lincoln off upon their shoulders, he affected to believe that he had so completely exhausted his adversary as to necessitate his removal from the field. One week later

#### LAST OF J. WILKES BOOTH.

the situation.

In 1873 Edwin Booth learned of the existence in Canada of a trunk full of theatrical costumes that had belonged to his brother J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln, and it was forwarded to his theatre in New York at his request by McKee Rankin, the actor who was then engaged professionally in the province.

The story as to its disposal is told by an old property man named Garrie. who is still alive and active, and his description of the memorable and pa-

"It happened early in 73. The day had been one of storm and drifting snow, one of those belated days of New York when winter forgets to become spring. Mr. Booth had a snug suite of apartments high up over the stage, in which most of his time was spent between his hours of busines and acting in the theatre.

"'Richard III' was on for a shor run and had drawn a fine audience that night in spite of the storm. And, say how he had played! Familiar as I was with his performance, I found myself watching him.

"On leaving his dressing room abou 12 o'clock, he gave me orders to wake him at 3 in the morning. I did s and his first remark was:

- "'Still snowing, Garrie?' "'Yes, sir.'
- "'It's 3 o'clock, you say?'
- "'Yes, sir.'
- "I helped him into his coat (he ha lain down partly dressed), and tool
- "'Where are we going, Mr. Booth?

"'To the furnace-room, Garrie, he

"So I led the way down the stairs, across the black stage, and into the cellar. The theatre building was erected before the days of general steam heat, and the furnace room was a cav-

"I lighted a single gas-jet, and it made a bright spot in the gloom. Over near the furnace I saw an unusually large trunk, almost like a packing a package of letters, some in a delicase, tied with ropes; there were seals on it, some on the cords, some at the edges where the cover and the body swords, jewelry, many other costumes,

"'I shall want an axe, Garrie,' said Mr. Booth. There was one in the corner of the coal bins, and when had found it I was told to cut the cords of the trunk and knock off the flames. The sacrifice was completethan what we destroy. Worse than top. This was but little work, for the complete with one exception-a simple that, in the first month of the present | box was rickety and old. The lid was year our losses by fire were over \$24. | soon off, and out came a smell of camphor and musty fabrics. There they expanded but \$16,000,000 in new lay, the costumes of John Wilkes 'We will go now.' Booth. Edwin must have told some one about the receipt of his brother's nearly 6 o'clock. trunk, for the story had got about the theatre. I didn't have to ask whose that scene in the furnace room had you could hear my daughter Sarah great debating contest between Lin- wardrobe it was. I wouldn't have had sunk to the depths, and his face had play some time. We all think she's coln and Douglas. Neither speaker the courage to do so, anyway; Mr. found again its old, set look of gentle improving. required any introduction, and Doug- Booth's manner, the scary cellar and melancholy. We came up to the stage

"There was no tray in the trunk- rie. Thank you,' he said. meeting these conditions were to be re- and wigs. For a few moments he the mighty assemblage could possibly he laid the wigs and swords aside on edged their way into the throng. flowers in silk-probably J. Wilkes's

## THE BURNING OF ROME

BY CROLY

Height and depth were covered with red surges, that rolled before the blast like an endless tide. The billows burst up the sides of the hills, which they turned into instant volcanoes, exploding volumes of smoke

climbed and consumed again. advancing flame, the crash of falling smoke that covered the arena. houses, and the hideous outery of the

pled by the rabble, that had then lost barrier of fire. all respect for condition. One dense mass of miserable life irresistible from screamed, they tore; they ran howling its weight, crushed by the narrow round and round the circle; they made streets, and scorched by the flames over desperate leaps upward through the their heads, rolled through the gates blaze; they were flung back, and fell like an endless stream of black lava.

upon the Palatine, and hot smoke, that in blood, to die raging. he began to take less jaunty view of guide carried us on.

his heart in reassurance of his fidelity, utter. and still spurred on. We now passed under the shade of an immense range the amphitheater. There indeed sat of lofty buildings, whose gloomy and an object of melancholy interest; a man solid strength seemed to bid definance who had been either unable to escape, to chance and time.

er of all things combustible, flew into naked. shrieks, and groans.

next to impossible. While we hesitat- a solitary sovereign, with the whole ed, a huge fragment of the building tremendous game played for himself. heaved as if in an earthquake, and, and inaccessible to the power of man-

DOME was an ocean of flame. | fortunately for us, fell inward. The whole scene of terror was then open.

The great amphitheater of Statilius Taurus had caught fire; the stage with its inflammable furniture, was intensely blazing below. The flames were wheeling up, circle after circle, through and fire; then plunged into the depths the 70,000 seats that rose from the in a hundred glowing cataracts, then ground to the roof. I stood in unspeakable awe and wonder on the side The distant sound of the city, in her of this colossal cavern, this mighty convulsion, went to the soul. The air temple of the city of fire. At length was filled with the steady roar of the a descending blast cleared away the

The cause of those horrid cries was myriads, flying through the streets, or now visible. The wild beasts kept for surrounded and perishing in the con- the games, had broken from their dens. Maddened by fright and pain, All was clamor, violent struggle, lions, tigers, panthers, wolves, whole and helpless death. Men and women herds of the monsters of India and of the highest rank were on foot, tram- Africa, were juclosed in an impassible

They bounded, they fought, they only to fasten their fangs in each other The fire had originally broken out and, with their parching jaws bathed

wrapped and half blinded us, hung I looked anxiously, to see whether thick as night upon the wrecks of pavi- any human being was involved in this lions and palaces; but the dexterity fearful catastrophe. To my great reand knowledge of my inexplicable lief, I could see none. The keepers and attendants had obviously escaped. It was in vain that I insisted upon As I expressed my gladness, I was knowing the purpose of this terrible startled by a loud cry from my guide, traverse. He pressed his hand upon the first sound that I had heard him

He pointed to the opposite side of or had determined to die. Escape was A sudden vell appalled me. A ring now impossible. He sat in desperate of fire swept round its summit; burning calmness on his funeral pile. He was cordage, sheets of canvass, and a show- a gigantic Ethiopian slave, entirely

the air above our heads. An uproar He had chosen his place, as if in followed, unlike all that I had ever mockery, on the imperial throne, the heard, a hideous mixture of howls, fire was above and around him, and under this tremendous canopy he gaz-The flames rolled down the narrow ed, without the movement of a muscle, street before us, and made the passage on the combat of the wild beasts below;

Northern Chile.

Northern Chile, which is so largely

mountain or desert, is generally re-

garded as a forbidden wilderness, but

landscape presents a scene of great

beauty under the softening hues of

sunset, and here and there in the

are Pica and Matilla. These cases

ly known. It has been found that in

ly moist to grow crops, capillary at-

try of its kind in the world, yielding

enormous quantities of nitrates, used

United States. The cases play a very

important economic role in the indus-

tries of the region, supplying veg-

etables and foodstuffs for the support

of the workmen, alfalfa for the cattle,

and various fruits, and also serving

as timber producers for the nitrate

works, which require much fuel.

There is no part of the world where

agriculture is more extensively car-

ried on than in these green spots in

the Atacama desert.—Zion's Herald.

A Delicate Touch.

very sensitive about her infirmity

Such was her natural cleverness and

ingenuity, however, that she usually

escaped from serious embarrassment;

scorned ear-trumpets and devices of

mechanical nature that her friends no

longer dared to suggest them to her

But on one occasion things went not

"She came in to borrow some maga-

zines yesterday," said Mrs. Russell,

who lived next door, "just after the

piano-tuner had gone. He'd been here

all the morning, making such an out-

rageous racket that I felt sure even

Miss Bugbee would be annoyed. But

"I said to her: 'Miss Bugbee, I wish

some time when there were folks here

and we were having music. But she

took it that I meant I was sorry she

"Well, she up and remarked, very

loftily indeed: 'I think she's improv

ing, too, Mrs. Russell. I was going by

this morning, and I heard her playing

way out on the sidewalk, and she

seemed to have real touch-real

An Undignified Proceeding.

have a quiet literary meeting in this

town," says the Billville Banner. "A

most undignified scene occurred at

the last 'Literary,' when the president

was hit side the head with a leg of

barbecued mutton! And barbecued

Atlanta Constitution.

"It's strange that we can't even

couldn't hear. Did you ever?

touch!" "-Youth's Companion.

according to schedule.

she hadn't been, not a mite.

Old Miss Bugbee was very deaf, and

if he were fancying his brother's fig- GREEN SPOTS IN WILDERNESS. ure in it, and perhaps remembering when he saw it worn last. Then he again and again standing in the wings handed it to me. 'Put it in there,' he said, pointing to the heater. I opened the furnace door—the coals were all red and blazing. I paused for a little in spite of its natural desolation the -'twas such a shame to destroy so handsome a garment—and looked back at him, but he was as still as a waste of sand and salt may be found, statue-just waiting. There was no by looking for them, a number of help for it-I threw it in. It settled oases, the most conspicuous of which down on the blaze with a sort of a are supplied with water from the hiss—a bit of the lace at the sleeve high Andes, but the particular streams that support their life are not certaincaught and the coat was in flames. We watched it without a word until it various parts of the great Atacama was nothing but a spread of a red film desert the earth underneath the surface layer of sand or salt is sufficientin the blue coal flames. A satin waistcoat, a pair of knee breeches, and sevtraction spreading the water through eral pairs of tights were next taken the soil. The rainless Atacama desout, and they followed the coat. He ert is the scene of the greatest indusdidn't spend much time over these, merely handing them to me and moto enrich the fields of Europe and the tioned toward the fire.

"It was agonizing, living through ernous place of vaulted brick, which | these moments, while without a word touching it fondly as if it were his own flesh and blood, before handing it to me to be burned.

> "Then followed in quick succession cate feminine hand, a Richard III custume worn by his father, fine daggers, together with odds and ends, which strangely enough included a pair of woman's pink dancing slippers. Then the trunk itself in pieces and the cords that had bound it—all to the hungry wreath of bays tied with a broad white ribbon. 'Twas his one memento.

"'That will do," he said quietly.

"I looked at my watch. It was

"What emotion had arisen during his rooms. 'You needn't come, Gar-

As the Playwright Sees It. "If there was any justice about it, which there isn't," said the playwright, "the name of the playwright would be on the billboards three feet tall, the name of the star next, the name of the manager last. As it is, the manager comes first, the star next, the name of the man who prints the billboard next and the playwright last in point of size."

Hopeless Case. movement in the audience, and there was aching to ask, but I said nothing.

Ten gods cannot help a man who mutton is so hard to come by, too!"—
was virtually no interruption. Once He turned it about at arm's length, as losses opportunity.—Chinese preverb.

Atlanta Constitution.

This One Was Taking No Chances on a Possible \$300 Fine.

FARMER NOT TO BE TRAPPED.

The government weather bureau supplies daily thermometer readings, quantity of rainfall and the forecast for the ensuing 24 hours to farmers along rural routes who apply for tehm. The data are stamped with rubber type upon one of the franked government cards and dropped in the rural mail box by the rural carriers each

applied for the forecasts, and they were dropped regularly in his mail box each morning, but he failed to take them out, and the accumulation of cards became so great it nearly filled the box.

An inspector, going over the route dropped in at the farmhouse. "Why don't you make use of the

weather forecasts?" he inquired. "Didn't you apply for them?" For reply the patron of the rural route led him out to the mail box and put his finger on the corner of one of the cards, where was printed:

PENALTY FOR PRIVATE

"You fellows ain't going to soak no \$300 into me," he declared, putting the card back into the box. And the inspector had some difficulty in explaining that no penalty would attach to the removal of the card.

HAD DONE WORK THOROUGHLY Corporal Literally Obeyed Orders of Post Commandant

Gen. Clarence Edwards, chief of the insular bureau of the war department, tells how an Irish corporal got even with an unpopular post commander in Cuba. This post commander, though an excellent soldier, was some thing of a crank. He had two hobbies. One was that the liberal use of whitewash was the best possible preventive of disease, and the other was a pet flamingo, an ill-natured bird that was disliked heartily by the enlisted men because it never overlooked an opportunity to nip one of them.

One day the post commander had to go to Havana, but he could not endure the thought that anyone should be idle in his absence. It had been fully a week since any whitewashing had been done, so he issued an order that "all articles pertaining to the should be whitewashed. The Irish corporal was intrusted with the execution of the order.

The post commander returned next day, and pretty soon the air was fairly blue with his cursing. The soldiers heard the noise, but they were not curious. They knew what it was all about. The post commander's brilliant flamingo was white as

Pronged. "I have good reason," said the head

of the establishment, addressing the cashier, according to the Chicago Record-Herald, "for believing that you are living beyond your means." "You are mistaken sir. I am will-

ing to have a thorough inspection of my accounts at any time." "How does it happen, then, that you are able to have a big automo

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha! That comes of having a wife who can write pooetry."

"Poetry! Bah! Who ever heard of anybody earning enough writing poetry to have an automobile?" "That's all right. She won it in a

Limerick contest."

Good in Either Event. Gen. Dabney H. Maury tells in his 'Recollections of a Virginian" of an old lady in Fredericksburg who was reduced to taking in boarders in order to make both ends meet. On one occasion of peculiar stress, the larder was so empty that the good lady took to her bed and summoned her servant. "Nancy," she said, "there's nothing in the house for my boarders to eat except mush. But give them that. If they are Christians, they will accept it in resignation and thankfulness. And if they are not Christians, it is a deal too good for them."

Went Too Far.

Elderly Suitor-I offer you an honorable name, a large fortune and the utmost devotion. Mabel (joyously)—Oh, Mr. Grayhed,

how kind of you, -Elderly Suitor-In addition, I can say that I am in the best of health and that I come of an extremely longlived family.

Mabel (coldly)-No. I can never be yours. Please don't mention the subject again.

One Was Enough. "Dad," said the white-faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt

"How many have you smoked?" "That's the number," said dad, and taking down the strap from behind the door he soon convinced the boy

that he was right.

How the Ruins Go. "I thought," said the American who was seeing Europe for the first time, in' old ruins over here."

"Once we had such things," the native apologized, "but your heiresses have come over and had most of them put in good repair."-Pittsburg Ob-

And She an Old Maid. "I sat in the front seat of the car with nine men," said the old maid, "four in the same seat, five facing me. I paid my fare with a dime and the conductor said: "Two?" I wonder going to pay for?"

The Things of This World. It is not we who possess the things of this world. It is the things of this world which possess us.-Johannes

# The ABC and XYZ of ADVERTISING

A SERIES OF TEN TALKS ON ADVERTISING No. 5 written by Seymour, Eaton of a Philodolphia

Never spring a big newspaper advertisement upon the public unexpectedly.

Make it an invariable rule to lead up by two or three nicely graded steps to the important announcement to be made. People take a certain pleasure out of anticipation. They enjoy their dinner all the more if they have been anxiously waiting to hear the bell. But if you open up your morning newspaper and find blazed forth in big headlines the advertisement of something startlingly new you are stunned rather than interested. If, however, for two or three days you have been looking for this announcement and each day getting a little more curious about it, you get yourself keyed up in anticipation, and then if the announcement is even better than you had imagined you surrender in a body.

Don't pay the United States government two cents for carrying a letter or a circular worth less than two cents.

The average advertiser will shave off 15 cents a thousand on envelopes and a quarter of a cent a pound on paper and beat down the printer in price so that he is obliged to use a 30-cent ink and by various other economies get his material ready for \$6 a thousand. He will then pay the government \$20 for carrying his stingy, badly-printed, cheap-looking \$6 worth of stuff and pat himself on the back for being economical.

Don't waste gray matter on your competitor. No matter how entertainingly he lies, you go right on telling the plain, blunt kind of truth that-mother-usedto-make.

Truth can be made far more entertaining than falsehood. Don't be afraid to call a spade a spade.

If the goods are shoddy advertise them as shoddy, give good shoddy measure, and charge shoddy prices. There are tens of thousands of people who prefer shoddy; prefer to eat it, to wear it, to be entertained

If you have news to print about your store—some call it advertising-don't order twenty-three styles of type with whirligig borders and a crazy, badly-engraved picture. The mummer on New Year's Day or the clown at Barnum's may look funny, but he couldn't make good on the road selling gold watches. The advertiser has an idea that the more fool things he drags into his copy the more entertaining it is. The clown has the very same idea.

The great thing in all advertising is not quantity of circulation, but quality of your copy printed in a newspaper the readers of which are able to buy your

THE PLUG HAT OF JAPAN.

Files of the Vintage of Fifty Years Ago Make the Mikado's Subjects Proud.

"There is one sight which you must not miss when you go to Tokyo," said the seasoned traveler. "That is the

rare display of anthropological plug "Some people arrange to get to Japan in cherry blossom season, and others want to get there in time to receive an invitation to the emperor's garden party in chrysanthemum time; but take the tip of one who has batted about the world considerably and land in Tokyo either on New Year's day or

line of headgear. "When Japan began to get civilized ilization that England did not want any more. England sold her old-fashloned, out-of-date, narrow gauge railroad stock, antiquated tram cars and other second-hand junk, including the then current styles of plug hat.

on the emperor's birthday. On both

you can see something unique in the

"The tile of those days has nained the ruling fashion in Japan up to the present. Japan may build Dreadnoughts, but the plug hat of 50 years ago still reigns supreme.

"Only on such ceremonious occasions as the New Year's festivities the emperor's birthday or possibly the racing meets at Negishi, near Yokohama, does the Japanese gentle man bring forth from his camphor wood chest his plug hat a heritage from his forefathers. It may be warped with 20 summers; damp or green with the shine of antiquity, but that matters nothing.

"Once this superstructure to his wrinkled frock coat and bagged trousers is added, the Japanese gentleman feels that no dignity short of a decoration of the order of the Rising Sun can be added to his person. That crowning glory of a plug hat which of those men he thought I was may settle around his ears or it may ment he had hitherto used. perch upon his head like half a peanut shell, but no matter; it is the hat of civilization and the badge of respectability.

like one of the ancient daimios stiff cane meke," or sugar-cane dance. It with the dignity of two swords. All represents the growth of the sugar that fearful day he wears this hat of cane.

incient vintage like a crown, and in the end he stows it away in his dampproof chest awaiting another festal occasion or held as an asset in his estate after death."

Unwise Combination. To the mind of Mrs. Abigail Jennings there was a sort of disloyalty in admitting to any outsider that a native of Willowby could be really eccentric. As for anything beyond eccentricity, Mrs. Jennings would never have admitted it, even in the case of Miss Rachel Gregg, who was frankly called crazy by the summer visitors.

the boarders, "do you really mean that ou've never known Miss Gregg to do anything that you'd call crazy?" "No. I haven't," said Mrs. Jennings. with a firm and unyielding expression

"Now, Mrs. Jennings," said one of

about her prominent chin. "Why, what do you think of her sending that bag of eggs over to the Corners to Mrs. Cole, right in the box with her laundry work, and never telling the stage-driver, and letting him

hrow the box right off?" inquired the summer boarder. "Mrs. Cole says here's one shirtwaist she'll never be able to wear again." "Well," said Mrs. Jennings, calmly, 'I should say about that as I have about a number of little things Rachel

does and has done. She may lack in wisdom and forethought now and again-but then, who doesn't, I'd like

Got the Wrong Girl.

After being married a year, a young man named Hahn, living at Volosca, Dalmatia, discovered the other day that he had not married the girl he intended. When he proposed to her he mistook her for her twin sister, who so resembles her that they can scarcely be distinguished apart. He did not realize his error until he began calling her by her Christian name instead of by the terms of endear-

Native Dance In Fijl. A very curious and exceedingly clever dance may be witnessed in "He trots out of his house looking Fiji, called by the natives "the sugar-